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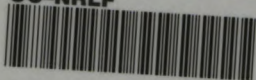
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COMMON-ROOM CAROLS

AND OTHER VERSES AND PARODIES

CHIEFLY RELATING TO OXFORD

BY

M. T. Pigott



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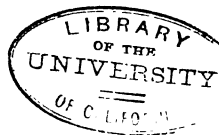
PREFACE.

Most of the following verses have appeared in *The Isis*; the remainder are collected from *The Globe*, *The New Rattle*, *Judy*, and other papers, to the Editors of which my best thanks are due.

M. T. P.

May, 1893.

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COMMON-ROOM CAROLS.

(AFTER R. K.)

I.—JUNYA DIN.

You may talk of jokes and smiles
When your path lies clear for miles,
And the Fates with pecks of rose-leaves come and
 strew 'it ;
But when it comes to trouble
You will give the world—and double—
For a man, however glum, who'll pull you through it.
Now in Oxford's murky clime
Where I used to waste my time
When I was rather young and rather green,
Of all the donnish crew
The finest man I knew
Was that hugely-hated being, Junya Din.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !
'That limping limb of Satan, Junya Din !
 'Let's each subscribe a tenner
 'To consign him to Gehenna !
'That putty-visaged sinner, Junya Din !'

The costume that he wore
 Was pretty bad before,
 And rather more than worse than that behind,
 For a coat all grease and rags
 And a pair of seedy bags
 Was all the Sunday clothes that he could find.
 When before the fire we lay
 In the evening or by day,
 When the smoke would make your eyeballs smart
 with pain,
 We would shout 'Hi-Tiddly-Hi!'
 Till our throats were dusty-dry,
 And would swear at him with all our might and main.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !
 'You're just about the meanest of the mean !
 'Let's build a good old bonfire,
 'And when we've set it on fire,
 'Let's top the whole thing up with Junya Din !'

When he met us in the Quad
 He would give a nervous nod,
 But no one thought of bowing in return ;
 He was just a sort of butt,
 A man to curse or cut,
 The kind of man in effigy to burn.
 He'd stop music after ten,
 And aggravate the men
 By telling them their battels were too high ;

But for all his sneaking style
 He was free, quite free, from guile,
 Though he had the reputation of a spy.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !
 'We mustn't even play "God save the Queen" !'
 And we used to run about
 In the Quad and madly shout
 'Let's get some screws and screw up Junya Din !'

I shan't forget one night
 When I came in rolling tight
 With Scotch whiskey where my senses should have
 been :

Through the porter's arms I burst,
 And the man who spied me first
 Was our good old frumpy, grumpy Junya Din.
 With a manner cool and calm
 He offered me his arm
 And gently tried to lead me from the scene,
 And when on the ground I sat
 He went and fetched my hat ;
 But I chucked it in the face of Junya Din.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !
 'Here's about the drunkest man we've ever seen ;
 'He's cutting up the ground
 'And he's kicking all around :
 'Shall we go and get a doctor, Junya Din ?

Then he carried me away
 To where a sofa lay,
 And tended me as though I were a Queen ;
 And when the frenzy passed
 And he quitted me at last,
 ' I hope you'll soon come round,' said Junya Din.
 Should I meet him later on
 When to Heaven he has gone,
 When he's changed his rags for robes of silv'ry sheen,
 In a front pew sitting down
 With a harp and golden crown,
 I shall feel inclined to cheer for Junya Din.

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !
 You Good Samaritagger, Junya Din !
 Though I've hated you and slanged you,
 And would willingly have hanged you,
 You're a better chap than I am, Junya Din !

II.—THE PROCTOR AT OXFORD.

HAVE you heard of the Proctor at Oxford,
 With his bands of a glistening white ?
 He has oof in his chest, but no heart in his breast,
 For he nails us poor beggars at night.

(Ah ! poor beggars at night !)

There's his mark upon most regulations,
 There's his seal on the plates at the Schools—
 And his doggies you'll find prancing proudly behind
 To enforce all his various rules.

(Poor beggars !—nefarious rules !)

Then here's to the Proctor at Oxford,
 And here's to the doggie that runs
 To look after the quarrels, the costume and morals
 Of Mrs. Almammater's sons.

(Poor beggars ! Almammater's sons !)

Walk wide of the Proctor at Oxford,
 And do whatsoever he bids,
 For it's always the same, and he wins ev'ry game,
 And he pockets our dollars and quids.

(Poor beggars !—he collars our quids !)

Hands off of the laws of the Proctor,
 Or you're sure to be had on the hop ;
 The B.A. must give in and the Blue drop his din
 When the Proctor at Oxford says " Stop !"
 (Poor beggars !—he's sent to say " Stop !")

Then here's to the Chest of the Proctor,
 And the gold and the silver therein—
 To the Chest that we line with the five-shilling fine,
 And we stuff with the wages of sin.
 (Poor beggars !—how often we sin !)

We have heard of the Proctor at Oxford :
 It is safest to let him alone ;
 For his spy we descry in the Corn and the High,
 And our smallest misdoings are known.
 (Poor beggars !—the smallest is known !)
 Take hold of the Wings of the Morning
 And trot round the town till you're tired,
 But you won't get away, try as hard as you may,
 From the gang that the Proctor has hired.
 (Poor beggars !—the Proctor has hired !)

Then here's to the Dogs of the Proctor,
 Whenever, wherever they roam ;
 And a speedy return if they ever should yearn
 For a nice, quiet evening at home.
 (Poor beggars !—we wish they'd go home !)

III.—GATED !

I'VE a head like a barrel-organ, I've a tongue like a blotting-pad,
 I've a mouth like an old palimpsest, and I'm more than a little mad ;
 But I've had my fun o' the City p'lice : I've made their molars fly;
 And the 'Dons gated me for a thundering spree and blacking a bobby's eye.

With a second-rate prospect the rest of the month,
 And evenings of sickening peace,
 It's a ten-quid fine and a gating at nine
 For "drunk and assaulting the p'lice !"
 Blind drunk and assaulting the p'lice—
 'Strewth, it's a jolly good fleece !
 It's a ten-quid fine and a gating at nine
 For "drunk and assaulting the p'lice."

I started with Oxford sherry, I finished with Oxford fizz,
 But an S. and B. that a pal mixed me, it was that that did the biz.
 'Twas that and a stalwart man in blue that tried to run me in ;
 But I came away with the bobby's sleeve and a chunk of the bobby's chin.

I left my hat at the end of the Turl, my boots at the
 top of the High :
 And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my coat
 and waistcoat lie ;
 They'll stop my pay, they'll take away the Schol. I
 won last year,
 But I signed my name on the bobby's face, and I
 signed it pretty clear !

My tutor whines like an imbecile, my scout like a
 new-born child ;
 It ain't that I mind the ten-quid fine—it's *that* that
 makes me riled.
 I'll take my oath before them both in future to
 abstain,
 But as soon as I'm out with my pals and about,
 I bet I shall do it again !

With a second-rate prospect the rest of the month,
 And evenings of sickening peace,
 It's a ten-quid fine and a gating at nine
 For "drunk and assaulting the p'lice !"
 Blind drunk and assaulting the p'lice—
 'Strewth, it's a jolly good fleece !
 It's a ten-quid fine and a gating at nine
 For "drunk and assaulting the p'lice."

IV.—PROGGINS.

I WENT into our Common-Room to have a quiet
smoke :

The Dean woke up at once and cracked the old
familiar joke.

The dons around the fire they laughed and giggled
fit to die ;

I went into the Quad. again, and to myself said I :—

O its Proggins this, and Proggins that, and
‘Proggins, how’s your chest?’

But it’s ‘Thank you, Mr. Proctor!’ when young
women we arrest ;

Young women we arrest, my boys, young women
we arrest,

O it’s ‘Thank you, Mr. Proctor!’ when young
women we arrest.

I went into the Theatre as civil as could be :

They let in lots of Undergrads, but found no room
for me ;

They said into the gallery or pit perhaps I'd go,
But when it comes to Sermons I can have a whole
front row.

For it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and
'Proggins, go behind !'
But it's 'Front pew for the Proctor !' when there's
business in the wind ;
There's business in the wind, my boys, there's
business in the wind,
O it's 'Front pew for the Proctor !' when there's
business in the wind.

Yes, making mock of velvet gowns that guard your
morals here
Is cheaper than those velvet gowns, and they're not
over-dear :
And poking fun at Proctors when their duty they
don't shirk
Is twenty times more sportsmanlike than doing dirty
work.

Then it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and
'Proggins, you get out !'
But it's 'Charter of our Liberties,' when Rads
begin to shout ;
When Rads begin to shout, my boys, when
Rads begin to shout,
O it's 'Charter of our Liberties,' when Rads
begin to shout.

We are not chartered libertines, nor should we be
 'Taboo,'

We're ordinary mortals, most remarkably like you ;
 And if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
 paints,

Well, ordinary mortals are rarely perfect saints.

While it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and
 'Proggins, you're a brute !'

But it's 'Rally round the Proctor !' when *The
 Star* begins to shoot ;

The Star begins to shoot, my boys, *The Star*
 begins to shoot,

O it's 'Rally round the Proctor !' when *The Star*
 begins to shoot.

You talk about our dignity and say we should precede
 In public Heads of Houses who have not yet been
 D.D.'d.

Don't worry about etiquette, but show us to our face
 That Alma Mater's uniform is not a man's disgrace.

For it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and
 'Give it to him warm !'

But it's 'Guardian of our morals,' when there's
 mention of reform ;

And it's Proggins this, and Proggins that, and
 anything you like ;

But Proggins isn't quite a fool—and Proggins
 soon will strike !



V.—DOGGY-WOGGY.

(SUDDEN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.)

We've raced with many men for cups and things,
 And some of them were smart and some were not :
 With Cambridge first and Cambridge second strings ;
 But Doggy is the surest of the lot.

We never get a farthing's change from him :
 He squats upon the kerb and marks our courses,
 He cuts us out for strength and speed of limb,
 His staying power's as great as any horse's.

So here's *to* you, Doggy-Woggy, on your beat
 along the ' High ' ;

You're a sorry sort of sinner, but you're splendid
 in full cry ;

We give you your testamur, and if you want it
 signed,

We'll be glad to put our fist to it whenever
 you're inclined.

We had a try at Queen's Club in the Spring ;*
 But Cambridge knocked us silly in the mile ;
 They made poor Allen run like anything,
 And Lutyens fairly dished us up in style :

* 1892.

But all we ever got from such as they
 Was squish to what the Doggy makes us swallow ;
 We almost held our own that dismal day,
 But man for man the Doggy licks us hollow.

Then here's *to* you, Doggy-Woggy, and your
 master and his chest ;
 Our *amour propre* said "Race him !" and we did
 our level best.
 We dodged you round the 'Corn' and 'Broad,'
 and fairly tried your pace ;
 But for all the odds against you, Doggy-Wog,
 you won the race !

He never gets a medal or a cup,
 He never even gets a butter-dish ;
 But with confidence we herewith write it up,
 That he's just as smart as any one could wish.
 When he's hopping in and out and left and right
 Employing eagle eye and eager ear,
 A merry run with Doggy through the night
 Will last a frisky Fresher for a year.

So here's *to* you, Doggy-Woggy, and our runs of
 heretofore ;
 If I'd not been fined some cooters I should like
 you all the more ;
 But still a game 's a game, I know, whoever gets
 the ace,
 'Tis right that I should pay the oof—you fairly
 won the race.

His manly form round corners he conceals,
And then he nips out on you like a shot ;
He's like a greyhound when he's at your heels,
And his optic's mostly on you when he's not.
He's a pansy, he's a poppet, he's a roe !
He's a gutter-perching booby on a cruise ;
He's the only thing that doesn't care a blow
For a Regiment of mile and three-mile Blues !

So here's *to* you, Doggy-Woggy, on your beat
along the 'High' ;
You're a sorry sort of sinner, but you're splendid
in full cry ;
And here's *to* you, Doggy-Woggy, with your
churchyard-chilling face—
You great grim gruesome grabber — for you
fairly win the race.

VI.—DINING IN HALL.

“WHERE have you been this while away,

Johnnie, Johnnie?”

Dining in Hall, like a silly J.,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

When you smell a sort of a cabbagey smell,

And you hear a most dismal and fidgeting bell,

Then you may be certain that things foretell

That the College gives a party.

“What did you get to eat and drink,

Johnnie, Johnnie?”

Stuff called beer, as nice as ink,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

A plate of soup diluted much,

A piece of beef too tough to touch,

And a chicken-leg like a beggar's crutch,

For the College gave the party.

“What did you do with your knife and fork,

Johnnie, Johnnie?”

Not much, so we'd plenty of time to talk,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

The smallest thing was neatly halved,

And everything was vilely carved ;

The company goes away half-starved

When the College gives a party.

B

“What happened to those who dined with you,
Johnnie, my Johnnie?”
Each minute they sadder and sadder grew,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !
They could neither eat nor drink their fill ;
And what they *did* eat made them ill,
So most of them now are hungry still,
For the College gave the party.

“How did you get away—away,
 Johnnie, Johnnie?”
 For a full half-hour we had to stay,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
 Then out again into the Quad we strolled,
 All hollow and dismal and wretched and cold,
 With a general feeling that we'd been sold.
 For the College gave the party.

“What was the end of all the show,
 Johnnie, Johnnie?”
 Well, I’ll tell you if you want to know,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !
 To leave before grace the rules forbid,
 But as soon as I could get out, I did—
 And went and had something to eat at the “Grid” :
 For the College gave the party.

No. VII.—PUNTS.

WHAT makes canoe-ists' hearts to quake? What
makes them lose their hair?

It isn't that they're huddled up with little room to
spare ;

It's the everlasting dodging all the everlasting day
Of the vacillating punter on his vacillating way.

O the punt, O the punt, O the vacillating
punt !

With its silly way of navigating broadside up the
Cher. ;

We pack it full of cushions with a parasol in
front,

And when it's under way it goes all slantindicular !

What makes the sculler swear so hard with words of
wrath and sin,

When the sweet and soothing summer-eve draws
gradually in ?

It's not the chance of being late for supper or for
Hall ;

It's the vacillating punter with his silly sideway
crawl.

O the punt, O the punt, O the harum-scarum
punt !

Colliding with the river-bank and sticking in
the mud !

You shove out madly with the pole and get its
nose in front,

And then against the other bank it rushes
with a thud !

The dingey knows a thing or two, the cockle's rather
fou,

The Thames skiff isn't larky, the Canader's—a canoe ;
But the vacillating pee-wy-unt, when all is said and
done,

Is a serpent and a switch-back and a moving-van
in one.

O the punt, O the punt, O the idiotic punt !
The humpy-bumpy imbecile encumbering the
ground,

It 'll block up all the river and 'll never go in
front,

And when we get it off it starts cavorting round
and round !

'Twill twist and twirl and gloom and glance—'twill
slip and slide and spread ;

You can't regain control of it if once it gets its
head ;

It's game to spin the whole day through and drift
 the whole night long,
 But when it comes to muddy ground it sticks there
 pretty strong.

O the punt, O the punt, O the sticky, tricky
 punt !

Its long side blocks the narrow stream, and no
 one can get through ;
 Canoes are blocked to rear of us and lots of
 boats in front ;
 It's a jamb all up the Cherwell, but it isn't jam
 for you !

So when the afternoon is past, our gratitude is large ;
 We manage to conduct the brute to Mr. Talboys'
 barge,
 And when we take the cushions out and all our
 woes are past
 We thank our lucky stars that we are safely back
 at last.

O the punt, O the punt, O the gloomy, roomy
 punt !

We vow that for the future from all punting
 we'll abstain ;
 So we leave it far behind us and we give a
 cheerful grunt—
 But we come again to-morrow and we hire the
 thing again !

VIII.—DANNY DEEVER.

“WHAT the deuce is all this fuss about?” the guileless Fresher cried.

“A beastly shame, a beastly shame!” the Fourth-year man replied.

“What makes you look so white, so white?” the guileless Fresher cried.

“I’m riled at all this dirty work,” the Fourth-year man replied.

For they’re sending down Dan Deever, and they say he mustn’t stay,

The dons are quite unanimous—they’re hoofing him to-day;

They’ll collar all the caution-oof his guv’nor had to pay,

And they’re sending down Dan Deever in the morning.

“What makes the men all swear so hard?” the guileless Fresher cried.

“They’ve cause enough, they’ve cause enough,” the Fourth-year man replied.

"What makes the Porter wipe his eyes?" the guileless Fresher cried.

"A touch of cold, a touch of cold," the Fourth-year man replied.

They are sending down Dan Deeever, they are giving him the boot,

They've put his luggage in the porch, and soon he'll be *en route*;

The Dean has brought it all about—the dirty, sneaking brute:

O they're sending down Dan Deeever in the morning.

"His rooms were just below my own," the guileless Fresher cried.

"He'll be sleeping far away to-night," the Fourth-year man replied.

"He called on me when I came up," the guileless Fresher cried.

"He'll be calling on his gov'nor soon," the Fourth-year man replied.

They are sending down Dan Deeever, and for good he'll leave the place,

Just because he shied a cracker in the Dean's confounded face—

I never heard in all my life a more disgraceful case,

For they're sending down Dan Deeever in the morning.

"What's all that rattle in the High?" the guileless Fresher cried.

"It's hansoms going stationwards," the Fourth-year man replied.

"What's all that row that fills the air?" the guileless Fresher cried.

"It's people giving cheers for Dan," the Fourth-year man replied.

They have sent down Danny Deever out of paltry, petty spite ;

The Dons are in the Common-Room with faces long and white—

Ho ! the College is preparing for a good old rag to-night,

For they're sending down Dan Deever in the morning.

VERSES AND PARODIES.

THE PHILATELIST.

(“A man who collects stamps cares for nothing else
in the world.”)

“O COME,” said Music, “come with me ;
To Adelina Patti list ;
Melt in her magic melody ”—

“I shan’t !” quoth the Philatelist.

“Come,” said the Gourmand, “come with me,
And try the varied Gatti-list ;
I prithee, try Gastronomy ”—

“I won’t !” quoth the Philatelist.

“Come,” said the Eightsman, “come with me,
And to the merry rattle list ;
Come, join our cheery crew, and we ”—

“Please go !” quoth the Philatelist.

“Come,” said the Farmer, “come with me,
And to my lowing cattle list :
They’re slowly winding o’er the lea ”—

“Let them !” quoth the Philatelist.

"Come," said the Mother, "come with me,
And to my cherub's prattle list ;
Come, take the babe upon thy knee"—
"No, thanks!" quoth the Philatelist.

"Come," said the Warrior, "come with me,
And to the roar of battle list ;
Come, join our valiant company"—
"Not me!" quoth the Philatelist.

"Come," said Society, "with me,
And to my tittle-tattle list ;
Come, try the World, the Flesh, the D—"
"Get out!" quoth the Philatelist.

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

BY HIMSELF.

FROM Lesbos to Leicester, from Chili to Chester,
 From Bangkok to Balliol College,
 From Brooklyn to Brighton, that I am a Crichton
 All races and peoples acknowledge.
 I can bring out a Strad.'s tone, can speech-make like
 Gladstone,
 Have much of the style, too, of Bismarck,
 With a touch of Disraeli, and at the Old Bailey
 Am a man who'd be sure to make *his* mark.

I can give an opinion on Coke or Justinian,
 On Pollock, or Anson, or Gaius ;
 I'd venture a tussle with Rigby or Russell
 In Chancery, or Nisi Prius.
 I can paint like the—Satan ; am equal to Leighton ;
 My pictures are genuine poems ;
 My colouring Corot might hasten to borrow ;
 My sculpture is better than Boehm's.

I can mix a good salad, write a drawing-room ballad,
 Throw the hammer, the caber, the lasso ;
 I'm familiar with Horace and William Morris,
 With Homer, Max Müller, and Tasso.
 • It's not yet been proven that Bach or Beethoven
 Could equal my fugues and sonatas ;
 I can tell you the habits of bandits and rabbits,
 Of dodos, Mahatmas, and Tartars.

I've a fund of dry humour ; have hunted the puma ;
 As a student fought duels with Germans ;
 Have studied phrenology, also theology,
 Read Liddon's and Robertson's sermons.
 I'm an excellent bowler, know Zadkiel and Zola ;
 In sculling Guy Nickalls resemble ;
 My driving's like Mytton's ; my dramas like Lytton's ;
 I act like a Kean or a Kemble.

I'm deuced good-looking ; I understand cooking ;
 I'm versed in abstruse mathematics ;
 I've the genius of Jenner ; sing alto or tenor ;
 I'm well up in tactics and statics.
 I'm an adept at betting, at butterfly-netting,
 At billiards, the banjo, and Botany—
 There *may* be a lot of small things I don't wot of,
 But I'm pretty well sure there are *not* any.

THOUGHTS IN A PUNT ON THE CHERWELL.

How sweet it is to lie and dream,
 Companion'd by one's faithful briar,
 And let, in laziness supreme,
 One's thoughts go soaring high and higher.

Would I might loaf a long life through,
 And listen to the trees' light rustle,
 And never have a thing to do,
 Nor have to face Earth's hue and hustle.

But ever watch the boats glide by,
 The aimless may-fly lightly hover,
 And mark the reed-bird's plaintive cry,
 And catch the scent from fields of clover.

To give no thought to dull Exams.,
 Scorn Dons and all their trite tuition ;
 To soar above Life's shifts and shams,
 Give the cold shoulder to Ambition.

Ah ! it were bliss this long, cool draught
 Of lingering sweetness to be draining,
 And when the potion all was quaff'd—
 Oh !—hang and dash it all !—it's raining !

A LETTER.

My darling Kate,—

I write in fear,
And frightful trepidation,
To say that I'm sent down from here
For—insubordination.

I'm down for good. My heart is sore
And well-nigh broke. How dare I
Inform your people I'm no more
In statu pupillari?

When but a gulph in Mods I got,
With horror it transfix'd us;
'Twas but a chance that there was not
A great gulf then betwixt us.

The cause my tutor did relate,—
The brute!—to your relations:
“His pace he would not moderate
Before his Moderations.”

But I was pardoned, for I wore
An air of deep contrition ;
And I, ingrate ! in Greats I swore
To take a high position.

So, dearest, let me know my fate ;
Say not thy love's abated.
Oh ! do not cut up rusty, Kate,
Because I'm rusticated.

TO MY SCOUT.

My faithful scout ! I do not doubt
 That you're a highly useful minion ;
 But still your ways a saint would craze—
 At any rate, that's my opinion.
 Your work's well done ; you never run
 Me up unnecessary battels ;
 And yet, and yet, you *will* upset
 And muddle up my goods and chattels !

Your curious pranks may merit thanks,
 Since they are played for worthy reasons ;
 But still your style is apt to rile
 At sundry times and sundry seasons.
 Why *must* you choose to put my shoes
 In places where I cannot find them ?
 Why put my boots with my cheroots
 And hide my banjo strings behind them ?

You do your best with anxious zest,
 But still your system's a delusion ;
 You must confess your tidiness
 And care result but in confusion.
 For instance, when I want my pen,
 And find it underneath a stocking
 Upon a shelf, I find myself
 Employing language really shocking.

My sugar-tongs and comic songs
You "tidy" into darksome places ;
With honest zeal do you conceal
My note books, matches, tea, and braces.
Each prized receipt you burn *de suite*,
But guard my bills and useless letters ;
With keen delight my waistcoats white
You neatly hide between two "sweaters."

Why hide the ties I mostly prize
Within the pockets of my blazers ?
Why shove the gloves my whole soul loves
Within a sponge-bag—with my razors ?
My faithful scout ! I do not doubt
That you're a highly useful minion,
But still your ways a saint would craze—
At any rate, that's my opinion.

A BALLADE OF PROFESSIONS.

THE term draweth fast to its close ;
 The end is appallingly near ;
 It perhaps would be well if I chose
 A profession to which to adhere.
 " Now what is to be my career ? "
 I muse, as I chew my cigar ;
 On the subject my mind's not quite clear—
 I suppose I shall drift to the Bar.

My people, I know, will propose
 That I shall take orders next year ;
 But the prospect of this daily grows
 More darksome, and deadly, and drear.
 As a doctor I could not appear,
 I am too easy-going by far ;
 I don't think I should care to brew beer—
 I suppose I shall drift to the Bar.

A solicitor, ev'ryone knows,
 Is the butt of the man with a sneer ;
 I'm too old to go fighting the foes
 Of " my home and my country so dear."

The Stage is too crowded, I hear,
 Or I might turn out rather a star ;
 And the City is vulgar, I fear—
 I suppose I shall drift to the Bar.

L'ENVOI.

Ma foi ! c'est une chose à faire rire !
 How purposeless most of us are !
 Though I view it with loathing sincere,
 I suppose I shall drift to the Bar.

AT A "SMOKER."

DEAR Comic-man ! I know you mean
 Extremely well,
 And why you agitate my spleen
 I scarce can tell ;
 But when you step upon the stage
 I'm filled with wrath ;
 I find it hard to keep my rage
 From bubbling forth.

Your songs, I own, from start to close
 Are circumspect ;
 Your Cockney accent, I suppose,
 Is quite correct ;
 On moral grounds I can't impugn
 The songs you sing ;
 You're also fairly well in tune—
 Considering.

And then " the action suits the word "—
 To some extent ;
 And many a singer I have heard
 Less competent.
 In fact, I frankly own that you're
 Not half so bad,
 And yet your sight I can't endure—
 You drive me mad.

Why can't I imitate the rest,
 And stamp the floor?
And why can't I inflate my chest
 And cry, 'Encore!'
Perhaps 'tis that my spirit longs
 To 'scape those rhymes,
For I have sung those very songs
 A thousand times!

LADY TARA BOOM DE BOOM.

LADY Tara Boom de Boom,
Of me you shall not win renown ;
You failed to reach the Yankee heart
And so you fled to London Town.
At me you yelled, but I beheld
The snare you set, and I retired ;
The mother of ten million screams,
You were not one to be desired.

Lady Tara Boom de Boom,
I know you proud to bear your name ;
Your pride is yet no match for mine,
Too proud to revel in your shame.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A tympanum which music seeks ;
A simple ballad in its flower
Is worth a million frenzied shrieks.

Lady Tara Boom de Boom,
There stands a spectre at your gate ;
You've quite cut out the Old Kent Road
And changed some wholesome hearts to hate.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
That's only music which entralls ;
Soft notes are more than cellarflaps,
And simple words than caterwauls.

Tara, Tara Boom de Boom,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no birds to scare away,
Nor any rooks about our lands?
Do let us have a little peace ;
Oh ! do not stay to haunt us here ;
Your manners have not that repose
That stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.



SONORES.

(WRITTEN AFTER SHARING A BEDROOM WITH A MAN
WHO SNORED.)

COLD eyelids that hide like a jewel
 Hard eyes that by daylight are bland ;
 The sluggard limp limbs, and the cruel
 Harsh sounds like a bad German band ;
 When these are departed, what stories
 Shall be told of thee, what then remain,
 O sick'ning and sombre Sonores,
 Our Lady of Pain ?

O robe ready-made and ill-fitting,
 O garden where no man may sleep,
 O house round which night-fowl are flitting,
 On whose floors are black-beetles a-creep,
 O mystical nose of the night,
 O harsh unmelodious strain,
 O flow'r not a-bloom but a-blight,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy music ? what glories
 Once dwelt in thy usual note ?
 Wast thou pleasant and purring, Sonores,
 Till some fiend set that row in thy throat ?
 For a moment we stand at Sleep's portal,
 Thou art there to arouse us again ;
 We groan, and we fear thee immortal,
 Our Lady of Pain.

We twist and beturn and betoss us,
 Thou art raucous and rude of physique :
 Influenza thy mother, Colossus
 Thy father, a Russian and Greek.
 Thou comest alike unto Tories
 And Liberals, too, with thy strain,
 O impartial and painful Sonores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Can you ne'er cease, fell lips ? without number
 Men hear you and instantly change
 The lilies and languors of slumber
 For the weeds of words wicked and strange.
 We seek on which part of the floor is
 The boot we would hurl at thy brain,
 O trying and tiring Sonores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger for dreams, for forgetting,
 By the thirst for a midnight of peace,
 By Despair, the pale offspring of Fretting,
 By the bed-clothes that crumple and crease,
 By the curses we hurl at our neighbours,
 By the blessings from which we refrain,
 I adjure thee, desist from thy labours,
 Our Lady of Pain.

TO MY PEN.

(PICKED UP IN THE NEW SCHOOLS.)

OH, little pen! that hitherto
 Have never hesitated,
 But done what you were told to do,
 Why is your strength abated?
 Till now you never have demurred;
 To-day you will not write a word.

When first my brain was in a whirl
 With a consuming passion,
 You could apostrophize my girl
 In quite poetic fashion.
 A charming song you then could sing;
 To-day you will not write a thing.

And when another claimed my heart
 A splendid note you sent her,
 Concocted with consummate art
 And ἔπεα πτεροέειπα.
 At such times you would not repine;
 To-day you will not write a line.

And very useful you have been
In many a fateful crisis,
Devising letters to the Dean
And ballads for the *Isis*.
Quick o'er the paper then you'd flit ;
To-day you will not write a bit.

But now you see me quite deranged
And in tremendous jeopardy,
You seem to have completely changed,
As changing as spots leopardy.
I fear you are a faithless pen,
As fickle as the sons of men.

A LITTLE NOVEL.

(IN FOUR LITTLE CHAPTERS.)

CHAP. I.

A LITTLE nook in garden shady ;
A little squeeze of finger-tips ;
A little question to a lady ;
A little "Yes" from rosy lips.

CHAP. II.

A little flirting with another ;
A little shadow on a blind ;
A little tiff, a little bother ;
A little bit of Beauty's mind.

CHAP. III.

A little coolness in the greeting ;
A little rift within the lute ;
A little hour of wild entreating ;
A little lady, proudly mute.

CHAP. IV.

A little note of sad upbraiding ;
A little poison in a glass ;
A little willow-tree o'ershading
A little tomb-stone in the grass.

• A TOPPER-CAL SONG.

IF a man a new hat would devise
 He'd deserve to be decked out in laurel
 For undoing the mischief that lies
 In the top-hat, unsightly, immoral.

Yes, immoral, for often I've sat
 Full of dread in my pew on a Sunday,
 And wondering whether my hat
 Would be fit to appear in on Monday.

How can I my thoughts concentrate
 On Jehoshaphat, Job, or Mount Hermon,
 When I think of my hat's future state,
 Not my own, as I sit through the sermon?

Cries the parson, "I'm left in the lurch,
 All our young men are *so* irreligious."
 We reply that we can't afford church
 For the price of top-hats is prodigious.

And if in a shower you're caught
 It makes you turn "greenery-yallery"
 To think of the hat that you bought
 Yesterday for quite half a week's salary.

"Blank the hat and the rain!" you exclaim,
Using words that are far, far from proper;
But be comforted; you're not to blame,
'Tis the fault of that sin-breeding topper.

From the shiny silk hat of the spark
To the stringy head-gear of the Primate
And the tile of the coachman and clerk,
None are suited to our sloppy climate.

Did poetic fire burn in my heart,
Had I tongue of the statesman or prophet,
Forthwith a crusade I would start
With a battle-cry, "Tophats to Tophet!"

SHOWING THE SIGHTS.

UNSURPRISED, unamused, she would stare
 At each object I happened to show ;
 Repeating with nonchalant air,
 "Where next shall we go?"

I showed her the beautiful "High,"
 A sight that all Europe can't beat ;
 She said, with a critical eye,
 "What a curious street !"

I thought if I showed her the Hall
 At "The House" 'twould her pleasure enhance ;
 One single remark she let fall,—
 "Nice place for a dance."

I showed her where martyrs were burned,
 And my voice had an eloquent ring ;
 She remarked, as her nose she upturned,
 "What a hideous thing !"

I took her to Boffin's and gave
 Her a sixpenny strawberry ice ;
 No longer my lady was grave ;
 She said, "Ah ! *that's* nice !"

D

A TEMPERANCE DITTY.

[Alcohol has been found in most of the imported Chocolate Creams.]

How subtle are the Devil's works !
 I've had a frightful shock o' late,
 For Alcohol, they tell me, lurks
 Within the simple Chocolate !

I've given up Champagne and Beer ;
 I've not touched Port or Hock o' late,
 And now with righteous wrath I hear
 There's Alcohol in Chocolate.

More than one pious sneak has stood
 Within the felon's dock o' late,
 And now these tidings freeze my blood—
 "There's Alcohol in Chocolate."

Of noble work and lofty aim
 Old Satan's made much mock o' late ;
 Mark how the fiend, to win the game,
 Puts Alcohol in Chocolate.

And thus each really earnest soul
Has met a stumbling-block o' late,
And asks, "Why should I shun the bowl,
When Alcohol's in Chocolate?"

Teetotal leaders, too, have made
Themselves a laughing stock o' late—
Confound the pledge! Blow gingerade!
I'll plump for fizz and Chocolate!

A BALLADE OF THE BRITISH SABBATH.

DON'T come prating to me of repose,
 And narrate how a nation must thrive
 On a solid Sabbatical doze,
 When the thing is as dead-and-alive
 As a mortal man well could contrive ;
 And all joy and light-heartedness flee
 When they see the dread morning arrive—
 A Parisian Sunday for me !

After breakfast, as ev'ry one knows,
 Off to church we all walk (a few drive),
 And then at the service's close
 Straight back we all swarm to our hive ;
 There to eat a huge dinner we strive,
 Though it will, we feel sure, disagree ;
 Still we stolidly fork and we knife—
 A Parisian Sunday for me !

To a novel then each of us goes,
 And takes into its cover a dive ;
 But we reck not if gallant heroes
 With heroines manage to wive,

For we sleep on serenely till five,
When a maid staggers in with the tea;
Then till supper we somehow survive—
A Parisian Sunday for me!

L'ENVOI.

Poor old Sunday! We're longing to rive
Its grim fetters and let it go free;
'Tis in Paris all joy, not all gyve—
A Parisian Sunday for me!

ON THE LOSS OF A RAZOR.

AND have I lost thee, ancient friend,
 That wast so faithful and so leal,
 That mad'st me fully comprehend
 The well-worn maxim, "True as steel"?

Ah! how I loved thee, though thy ways
 Would oftentimes fill me with despair;
 Though now for thee I've nought but praise,
 Thou'st often made me "lose my hair."

I did my best to educate
 And make thee sharp as sharp could be,
 And yet I have remarked of late
 That thou wast sometimes blunt with me.

But no impatience didst thou show;
 Though thou wast keen thou still wast meek,
 And never, like some men I know,
 Said'st that thou couldst not "stand my cheek."

Though thou didst beard me now and then
 And oft replenished Sorrow's cup,
 Still I preferred thee much to men,
 For I could always shut thee up.

Thou wast "stand-offish" too with me,
And if I did not "stand a whet,"
And treat thee very tenderly,
Wouldst surely "cut" me when we met.

I miss thee very sorely now,
For thou art gone, and I'll be bound
That thou art in the grave, though thou
Thyself wast ever "hollow-ground."

TO MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER.

BY AN ARRANT GRUMBLER.

I'M sick of this craze, Sir,
 For donkey and chaise, Sir,
 And love-sick East-ender;
 How can people foster
 This cult of the coster,
 Who's but a preposter-
 -ous shallow pretender?

You know in real life, Sir,
 He jumps on his wife, Sir,
 And is not transcendental;
 And yet, in your ditty,
 All costers are witty,
 Their notions are pretty,
 Their souls sentimental.

They may be the owners
 Of beautiful "doners"
 By fifteens and twenties;
 But they're too big a dose, Sir,
 They're gross and verbose, Sir;
Timeo Danaos, Sir,
 Et "doner" ferentes.

ATHLETICS AND POLITICS.

STATESMEN, some say, at games should play
 At games of an athletic sort ;
 And lessons sure, which will endure,
 May be derived from many a sport.

Now golf's a game that I should name,
 As suiting statesmen to a "Tee";
 To them it speaks of "clubs" and "cleeks"—
 Both useful to the young M.P.

Lawn-tennis, too, points out to you
 How Love is held as naught by all,
 And how men rise and win the prize
 By means of racket, bounce, and bawl.

The running-ground, too, doth abound
 With hints for utilising pow'rs,
 For now-a-days the people praise
 A speaker who runs on for hours.

Both bicycles and tricycles
 Should surely make the statesman feel
 That ev'ry thought and action ought
 To tend but to the Common-wheel.

MAUDE.*

Don't come into the High Street, Maude,
 I pray thee, don't come down ;
 Don't come into the High Street, Maude,
 Nor perambulate the town :
 Bacchanalian ditties are wafted abroad,
 There's a dearth of cap and gown.

For a breeze of nicotine moves,
 And the joker is "making hay,"
 Beginning to faint in the sport that he loves
 On a bed of Boom-de-ay :
 To faint in the toil of the sport that he loves,
 To faint and to fade away.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the porter at the gate ;
 He is coming, my dread, my fear ;
 He is coming, my doom, my fate ;
 The bobby cries, "He is near, he is near !"
 And the bulldog weeps, "He is late" ;
 The larker listens, "I hear, I hear !"
 And the loafer whispers, "I wait."

* Rev. J. H. MAUDE, Hertford Coll., Senior Proctor, 1892-3.

He is coming along the street ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear him and beat,
And wish itself home in bed ;
My limbs would beat a retreat
And tremble with awe and dread,—
Would start at the sound of his feet,
For I'm painting the town bright red

A FLORAL TRIUMPH.

[Mr. Gladstone distributed the Prizes at the Hawarden
Flower Show.]

'TIS sweet to note that e'en the Rad,
Swooping on office like a vulture,
Is, radically, not so bad—
He still has time for horticulture.

The G.O.M. is proud to pose
As genuine guardian of the garden,
Admiring roses, rows on rows,
In leisure moments down at Hawarden.

A Primrose in his Cabinet
He places when he comes to power;
A Gardner is in office set;
Ennobled is the "Cyril" Flower.

He's shown himself, this statesman grave
The goddess's devout adorer;
He even hopes the blow he gave
The Tory band may prove a *floorer*.

A LAMENT.

THEY beat me black ; they beat me blue,
 Until my rue-
 -ful visage would not bear inspection ;
 They broke me, too,
 Though 'twas I who
 Was once considered quite perfection.

How things are changed ! I once was great,
 But yet of late
 I've fallen from my proud position ;
 Hard is my fate,
 I'm out of date ;
 How altered now is my condition !

How will it end ? What's Fate's decree ?
 Perchance I'll be
 Hung high as Haman by a neck-cord ;
 Oh ! pity me,
 For here you see
 A broken, battered, shattered record.

THE DISINGENUOUS MENDICANT.

His hand into my face he frust,
 And cried aloud, "I'm roofless ;
 "I cannot dig, so beg I must,
 "For I am old and oofless ;
 "Give me a bob to buy a crust,
 "For I am tired and tooless !"

Vis showed ve man was troofless,
 For what could he do wiv a crust
 Who was bofe tired and tooless ?

I said, "My friend, perhaps 'twere just,
 "If your rough way I'm smoooving,
 "Vat you should take some measures fust
 "Your story to be proving."
 Ve hoary sinner loudly cuss'd,
 Alvough my words were sooving.

I said, "I must be moving ;
 "I cannot give to one who's cuss'd
 "At words bofe kind and `sooving."

THREE VILLANELLES.

I.—FLOWERETS.

Two little pale blue flow'rs
 Between two pages press'd
 In bygone happy hours !

My mem'ry's waning pow'rs
 The giver can't suggest—
 Two little pale blue flow'rs ?

May be beneath a bow'r's
 Soft shadows we caress'd
 In bygone happy hours.

May be she took, with show'rs
 Of tears, from out her breast
 Two little pale blue flow'rs.

But Lethe's flood devours
 The thoughts that we loved best
 In bygone happy hours.

Yet, though a life-time sours,
 One tender thought will rest—
 Two little pale blue flow'rs
 In bygone happy hours.

II.—TO THE SETTING SUN.

OH ! sink no farther, Sun !
 (Forgiveness I am praying—
 Pardon the paltry pun.)

Thy day's work can't be done ;
 Canst thou not be delaying ?
 Oh ! sink no farther, Sun !

Thy smile our hearts hath won,
 Won, too, beyond gainsaying,
 (Pardon the paltry pun.)

Were I the son of Nun
 I could command obeying ;
 Oh ! sink no farther, Sun !

The cricket's note's begun,
 The bats around are playing—
 (Pardon the paltry pun.)

Say not thy course has run ;
 Say thou canst still be staying ;
 Oh ! sink no farther, Sun !
 (Pardon the paltry pun.)

III.—A DILEMMA.

To-NIGHT to Mary I'll propose,
 To that delightful creature, Mary—
 But still I'm awful fond of Rose.

But Mary's eyes are black as sloes ;
 She flits through life a very fairy—
 To-night to Mary I'll propose.

My ardent love I will disclose,
 Swear that that love can never vary—
 But still I'm awful fond of Rose.

My love for Mary daily grows,
 (Her father's somewhat millionaire-y)
 To-night to Mary I'll propose.

She knows, at least I think she knows,
 My motives are not mercenary—
 But still I'm awful fond of Rose.

'Tis time I definitely chose
 Which course to take in this quandary ;
 To-night to Mary I'll propose—
 But still I'm awful fond of Rose.

E

THE SCOUT'S YARN.

A DAGONET BALLAD.

MR. JENKS up this term? Oh no, Sir—an' won't
 be again, I'm afraid ;
 An' very sorry I am, Sir, for a real good master 'e
 made.
 But 'e's clean gone off 'is 'ead, Sir, an' if you'll set
 down there,
 I'll tell you all about it—that is if you've time to
 spare.

Mr. Jenks was the quietest gent, Sir, as ever I came
 across ;
 'E never played a game, Sir, nor never backed
 a 'orse ;
 'E never did nothink lively, an' much less anythink
 wrong,
 But would sit with a book before 'im, a-readin' the
 'ole day long.
 An' as to the ladies—well, Sir, (I'm right in my
 word, I 'ope,)
 'E was what the scholars call, Sir, a reg'lar woman-
 thrope.
 'E never could bear a sign or a sight of a petticoat,
 An' wouldn't 'ave spoke to a lady, I'm sure, for a
 fip'un' note.

But Fate is made of iron, Sir, I've often heard it
 said,
 An' 'twas through a female picture Mr. Jenks went off
 'is 'ead.

One day 'e saw a paper with a full-page fashion-
 plate,
 An' 'e's been from that very moment in a most
 un'appy state.
 A woman was there depicted in that lady's maga-
 zine,
 With a most unreal complexion an' a lovely robe of
 green ;
 There was a child with a 'oop in the foregroun', an'
 a lawn an' a vase behind,
 An' at sight of the wondrous vision Mr. Jenks went
 off 'is mind,
 'Is eyes flashed somethink hawful, they say, when 'e
 saw the sight ;
 'Is long 'air stood on end, Sir, an' 'is face was
 deathly white,
 An' 'e knelt down on 'is knee, Sir—no, I think he
 knelt down on both—
 An' 'e lifted 'is 'ands to 'eaven, an' 'e swore a sollum
 hoath ;
 'E swore that 'e never would slumber, nor sleep, nor
 rest through life,
 Ontil 'e 'ad found the lady, an' made 'er 'is lawful
 wife.

An' then straight out 'e started—to search for 'er 'e
 went
 Through England, France, an' Germany, an' on the
 Continent.
 'E roamed through Rome an' Russia, an' rushed thro'
 Seven Dials,
 'E toured Touraine an' Turkey, an' searched the
 Channel Isles;
 But still although 'e sought 'er both near an'
 also fur,
 'E never saw a lady the least bit resemblin' 'er.
 'E gazed at Spanish Dons, Sir, Duennas, too, at
 Rome,
 The dummy-mond in Paris, an' a-rist-ocrats at
 'ome;
 'E saw all sorts of ladies, in the West an' in the
 East,
 But 'e never saw a lady that looked like 'er the least.
 'E never saw such features, nor never such a
 waist;
 'E never saw a smile so winning yet so chaste;
 'E never saw such fingers, nor such a graceful
 pose;
 An' 'e never saw a lady wearin' such peculiar clo'es.

An' at length it dawned upon 'im, as through the
 world 'e sped,
 That 'is well-belovéd idol must now indeed be
 dead.

An' 'e got quite melumcholic, an' did things 'e didn't
ought,
Such as puttin' diff'rent poisons in his after-dinner
port.
But they always pulled 'im through, Sir, an' always
cut him down,
When 'e 'ung 'isself by bell-ropes at 'is uncle's 'ouse
in town.
But 'e sickened 'is relations, for a hanxious time
they'd 'ad,
An' they got a doctor's stiffkit to say as 'e was
mad.
So 'e off'd to the Asylum where up to now 'e's
stayed—
No, Mr. Jenks ain't up, Sir, an' won't be again, I'm
afraid.

THE BULLDOG'S YARN.

A DAGONET BALLAD.

YES, it's a dangerous game, sir ; we carries our life
 in our 'and,
 And that ain't so bloomin' pleasant, as you'll easily
 understand.
 We're out in the frightfullest weathers, and some-
 times our strength's near spent
 When we've trotted about all the evenin' along of
 a reverend gent.

You'd like to 'ear the story of that scar on my
 manly brow ?
 Well, some day I'll tell yer about it—I may as well
 tell yer now.

'Twas November, '84, Sir, a regular 'orrible night—
 D'ye call the time to mind, Sir ? Oh ! I thought
 as pr'aps yer might.
 We was out rather late with the Proctor, though
 the rain was a-peltin' down,
 When we suddenly spies two young gents, Sir, and
 one of 'em 'adn't a gown.

We was 'eartily glad to see 'em, for things 'ad been
 terrible slow,
 And we was pretty well frozen, a-trampin' about in
 the snow.
 We goes up as usual an' tells 'em that the Proctor
 would like a word,
 When 'e lets off the 'orriddest language a Christian
 man ever 'eard,
 And then 'e starts off a-runnin' as swift as the wild
 red deer;
 'E was doin' 'is twelve mile an hour, Sir, as true as
 I stand 'ere.
 Of course we goes racin' after, straight down the
 Iffley road,
 And when we gets to Keble you may guess we was
 badly blowed,
 For the roads was 'ard and dusty and the wind was
 a-blowin' strong,
 But 'e didn't seem to mind it and was still goin'
 gaily along.

We lost 'm once in a fog, Sir, but we soon got
 again on 'is tracks,
 And was after 'im like winkin' up the Corn and
 past Carfax.
 Then 'e rushes on towards Radley, I still a-follerin'
 fast;
 The others had give the job up—they 'adn't the
 wind to last.

On thro' the flow'r-spotted medders and under the
 star-spotted sky
 'E tears along like a dog-fox, I close behind in full
 cry.
 Then 'e takes to the fields of a suddin, desertin'
 the muddy road,
 But I was close upon 'im, and his pantins plainly
 showed
 That 'e could'nt go on much farther, but 'e managed
 just to scale
 The fence that skirted the railroad; then he fell
 upon the rail.

I was on 'im in a second, and I caught 'im by the
 coat,
 But 'e fought just like a devil, with 'is right hand
 at my throat.
 And there we lay an' struggled while the lightnin'
 flashed around—
 When we heard just close upon us a hengine-whistle
 sound!
 'Twas the Paddington 9.15, Sir, that was dashing
 through the night,
 But we never left off our strugglin', our rage over-
 came our fright.
 A horrible roarin' above us; a rush of scaldin'
 steam;
 Both sides of us, wheels revolvin'; above us, a
 hoarse, wild scream.

Then all became silence ; believe me, my cheek at
 this moment pales
 When I think of them awful moments when we lay
 between the rails.

But the train had gone by right above us, and had
 left us both un'armed,
 We 'adn't a scratch between us, though considerable
 alarmed.
 But I didn't forget my duty, and held my pris'ner
 fast ;
 I must say he fought gamely, but he had to give
 in at last.
 And I found to my great disgust, Sir, that all this
 time I'd spent
 In chasing a larky feller as wasn't a college gent,
 But had come down that mornin' from London and
 thought it a bit of fun
 To go for a stroll in the evenin', and give the
 "dogs" a run.

'Ow did I get that scar, Sir? Oh ! that I can
 quickly tell ;
 'Twas caused by a bit of 'ot coal, Sir, that from
 the hengine fell.

TO THE SUN.

GREAT Phœbus! thou on whom we all depend
 For countless joys which thou alone canst send,
 A saturated mortal to thee speaks,
 And for an answer to this question seeks—
 Where hast thou been through all these sloppy weeks?

Oh! by sweet thoughts of punt and shade and pipe,
 By horrid dreams of fruit far, far from ripe,
 By hopes of pleasures culled throughout the "Long,"
 By thoughts of Margate with its nigger song,
 By trips proposed upon the "Continong";

Shine forth, O mighty Sun! and turn thy face
 On match, regatta, party, pic-nic, race;
 Dispel the gloom that o'er our island lowers,
 And people all the land with countless flowers,
 And let us have at least some rainless hours.

Let Bobbies murmur in the Street of Bow,
 And swear that on their beat they will not go:
 Let Postmen fill our souls with endless fears
 That correspondence may get in arrears:
 Let thoughts of striking fill our Grenadiers:

Let all these cease from labour, if they like;
 But thou, great Sun-god, go not thou on strike!

July, 1890.

MELODY *versus* MALADY.

[The *Lancet* recently discussed the value of music in the treatment of disease.]

AWAY with all doctors and physic-concocters !
 Down with surgeons and down with physicians !
 In future hautboys will replace doctor's boys,
 And when ailing we'll send for musicians.

The gentle guitar will soon banish catarrh,
 The organ organic diseases ;
 The ophicleide serves to establish the nerves,
 The mandolin measles appeases.

If you catch influenza just try a cadenza
 On the harmless and homely harmonium,
 And if you complain of a sprain or a strain
 Then summon the soothing euphonium.

Try the cornet for corns and for ague French horns,
 And if you should feel very sick or low
 Try an air on the lute, a few notes from the flute,
 Or the piercing yet popular piccolo.

If wasting you are, take a tonic (sol-fa),
And try and believe that the best of all
Cures for the dumps or the "jumps" or the mumps,
Is a seat at the next Handel Festival.

So all physic we'll spurn, and to music we'll turn,
Feeling sure it can cure all our maladies ;
For in sickness or grief not a nostrum's relief
Is so sure as a simple old ballad is.

HOW TO BECOME A WEATHER PROPHET.

If you really wish to learn how the weather's like
to turn,

Just give me your attention for a minute ;
Try and fathom, if you can, my subtle little plan—
I'm sure you will confess there's something in it!
You take your morning's *Times* ; you skip debates
and crimes,

And soon you find a curious little picture,
With cabalistic signs, and lots of dots and lines,
Which with grave mis-doubts is likely to afflict
yer.

Just beneath it you will find, if you're not com-
pletely blind,

A list which some suppose to be prophetic.
When this list you once perceive, you may straight-
way disbelieve,

At risk of being thought to be heretical ;
Now with some attention scan my simple little
plan

(I'll explain it in a clear and very terse way) :
You immediately propose to take the statements
there,

And read them in exactly the reverse way.

If 'tis said it will be fine, and the sun will brightly
shine

In the neighbourhood of London and the
Channel,

You must make a mental note to put on your
thickest coat

And swathe yourself from top to toe in flannel.

The same rule will apply if you find it will be dry

All over England, South-East, and in London :

Be sure it will be damp ; don't go without a gamp ;

If you do, you're pretty certain to be undone.

If 'tis said 'twill snow or rain, you take my rule
again,

And array yourself in thinnest "summer suiting,"

Sally forth and take the air, unoppressed by any
care :

'Twill be warm and bright and dry beyond
disputing !

Now, if you should believe that my system will
deceive,

For one short week just make a trial of it ;

After this experiment, your friends, with one consent,

Will acknowledge you a first-class weather prophet.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A "CRISIS."

WE think no more of Parliament,
Of wreck or railway accident ;
One thing alone our thoughts entices,
One thing our minds monopolizes,
And that's our very latest "Crisis."

We scorn to scan a murder case,
Nor care what horses get a "place ;"
The Trial Eights on Cam and Isis,
And Koch's new mode of curing phthisis
Are nothing to our brand new "Crisis."

No one the very least bit cares
For fall or rise in stocks and shares ;
We care no more for market prices,
How much a ton pig iron or rice is :
'Tis nothing to the last new "Crisis."

Of course, we one and all, refuse
To turn our thoughts to Foreign News ;
We may be losing great big slices
Of India with its gems and spices,
But what is this beside our "Crisis" ?

Booth may collect the sum he begs,
McDougall drape our statues' legs,
Burglars be left to their devices ;
But still the country Paradise is,
So long as we still have our "Crisis."

This topic now alone holds sway,
To this our paper every day
Eight or nine columns sacrifices. •
To one and all the best advice is,
"Let's talk of anything but 'Crisis.'"

THE GREAT ANTI-COMPENSATION DEMONSTRATION.

BY W. M. T.

LIST an' thremble, ye Tories, oi sing o' the glories
 Attindin' our moighty an' vast dimonstration,
 Which marchin' so proudly, wid bands playin'
 loudly,
 Proclaimed to the worrld how we hate Compin-
 sation.

Bedad! it was splindid as gaily we windid
 Our way to Hoyde Park in the soight o' the
 nation,
 Wid banners so graphic impadin' the traffic,
 Pritindin' we cared but to kill Compinsation!

We'd all sorts an' conditions—back-slum politicians,
 An' soldiers in scarlet who foight for Salvation,
 Whoile faddists and cranks helped to swell out
 our ranks,
 An' they all croied aloud they'd have no Com-
 pinsation.

We'd Timperance fellers in reds, blues, an' yellors,
 An' lots o' the bhoys who daytest Vaccination,
 An' Sunday-Schule Scholars wid medals an' collars,
 All swearin' they couldn't abear Compinsation.

F

Besoides Sunday-Schulers we'd shoals o' Home
Rulers—

In fact all were wid us whose trade's agitation—
We had illigant banners, but raither bad manners,
For we booh'd at the spalpeens who're for Com-
pensation.

When the spakin' began we had Tillett an' Mann,
An' Stuart, who gave us a toidy oration ;
While that swate Wilfrid Lawson hilariously jaws
on

The croimes o' the brutes who support Compin-
sation.

They all spoke in turns, Naoroji and John Burns,
An' Tay Pay O'Connor, mankoind's admiration,
Whoile Siptimus Buss made no ind of a fuss,
An' three Canons were there to blow up Com-
pensation.

Whin for hours oi had sung, "To the divil wid
Bung !"

Oi felt it was toime for some throat-irrigation,
An' was tinderly thinkin' how noice 'twould be
drinkin',

For it's droy work this shoutin' against Compin-
sation.

Faith! oi felt a bit frisky afther lappin' some
whiskey,

Which always has been me most fav'rite potation,
An' (perhaps 'twas improper) oi wint for a "copper"
Who looked as if ~~he~~ rather ~~liked~~ Compinsation.

'Twas a grand day oi'd had, but the sayquel was
bad,

For I spint all the night in a dirty p'lice-station;
But I do not regret it, an' ne'er shall forget it,
That foine toime oi had when we squashed
Compinsation.

Oi may as well state, though I did dimonstrate,
An' did fale me sowl filled wid a great indigna-
tion,

An' did holler an' shout, oi've not yit found out
What the divil they mane by the word "Com-
pinsation."

TO THE OFFICE KITTEN.

LITTLE Kitten, badly bitten,
 With a craze for exploration,
 Full of wond'ring, ever blund'ring
 Into some queer situation,
 Well-nigh past all extrication ;

How unstable ! now the table,
 Now the fire, attracts attention ;
 How uncertain ! now the curtain,
 Now the blind, requires ascension—
 Now your tail needs circumvention.

Little Kitten, deeply smitten
 With that tail's intrinsic merits,
 How you race it, face it, chase it,
 Always in the best of "sperrits,"
 Eye as keen as any ferret's.

Now the fringes, tassels, hinges,
 Cause you visible commotion ;
 Bits of paper make you caper ;
 Boots you gaze on with devotion—
 Now you've upset all that lotion !

Little Kitten, e'en a Lytton
 Could not word-paint your vagaries ;
 Now you're lapping, now you're tapping—
 Taps as light as Mother Carey's
 Chickens, or the steps of fairies.

Prince of friskers, take your whiskers
 From the inkpot's black embraces,
 Or, I fear, Sir, I shall hear, Sir,
 That you've marked with inky traces
 All the ladies' snowiest laces.

Little Kitten, true-born Briton,
 Probing ev'ry nook and cranny,
 Perspicacious and sagacious
 As your own old feline granny—
 Really you are quite uncanny !

Fluffy midget, how you fidget !
 Ev'ry moment you grow bolder ;
 Saucy urchin, now you're perchin'
 On the summit of my shoulder,
 Toying with my pet penholder !

* * * *

Little Kitten, I have written
 Sev'ral stanzas all about you,
 But in future you must suit your
 Ways to mine, or I shall "clout" you—
 Work's done better, Puss, without you !

ODE TO MARMALADE.

'MID things around that sully and degrade,
 'Mid sloth and sin,
 By one comestible the world is made
 Worth living in.
 'Mid forms of provender, all stodgy, rude,
 And heathenish,
 One, only one, with grace is still imbued—
 My amber Squish.

When, having lent to revelry by night
 Both throat and lung,
 Next morn I gaze with horror and affright
 Upon my tongue ;
 When with a sickly smile I gently spurn
 Each proffered dish,
 Still with a chastened pleasure I can turn
 To thee, my Squish.

Then do I loathe the boiled or buttered egg
 And shy at ham ;
 The scientifically devilled leg
 Provokes a Damn ;
 No heart have I for omelette or for steak,
 For chop or fish,
 But to thy sticky stream myself betake,
 Seductive Squish !

Here, when my craven appetite is fled
 Before my grief ;
 Here, when dark clouds about my path are spread,
 I seek relief.
 Though round me demons danced with taunt and
 threat
 And gibberish,
 I'd flaunt them, if before me there were set
 A plate of Squish.

Let Proctors numberless go on their rounds
 (As Proctors do),
 And let them, one by one, extract my pounds,
 And shillings, too ;
 Let them by subtle arts and dealings sly
 Empoverish
 Their victim, if I've still the means to buy
 My pot of Squish.

Hail, Cross and Blackwell ! Hail, great Cooper, too !
 Hail, noble Cairns !
 Hail, Keiller ! Fortune ever wait on you
 And on your bairns !
 Good luck attend ye ! may it ever back
 Your smallest wish !
 Again, All hail ! ye mighty manufac-
 -turers of Squish !

A TOGGER BREAKFAST.

BY A HOST.

I FEEL horribly silly and surly,
(Sing Ho for the steak and the chop!)
 For this morning I rose very early,
(Sing Ho for the talking of shop!)
 I had barely the time to get into my socks,
 For my scout dragged me out with hard words
 and hard knocks,
 And I breakfasted nine—that included the cox.
(Sing Ho for the men of the Toggler!)

They were all of them wide awake—very!
(Sing Ho for the steak and the chop!).
 In fact they were loathsomely merry,
(Sing Ho for the talking of shop!)
 As in Indian file they deployed through the door
 It just struck me as being a bit of a bore
 That I'd never met one of the bounders before.
(Sing Ho for the men of the Toggler!)

They took little account of my greeting,
(Sing Ho for the steak and the chop!)
 But settled straight down to the eating,
(Sing Ho for the talking of shop!)

And when they'd demolished a whole lot of fish,
Then they turned their attentions to beefsteak and
squish—

In fact, they impartially finished each dish.
(Sing Ho for the teeth of the Togger!)

I thought 'twould be well if I chatted
(Sing Ho for the steak and the chop!)

To some of the calves whom I fatted.

(Sing Ho for the talking of shop!)

But whether they all were designedly rude,
Or whether all heroes are rugged and crude,
Their manner implied that I did but intrude.

(Sing Ho for the tact of the Togger!)

I confess—for I wish to be candid—

(Sing Ho for the steak and the chop!)

When they talked I was hopelessly stranded.

(Sing Ho for the talking of shop!)

For they spoke but of "funny sensaggers," and
"straggers,"

Of the chances of "Jaggers," the chances of
"Quaggers,"

Of "Wuggins" and "baggers," of "breathers" and
"Praggers."

(Sing Ho for the talk of the Togger!)

The things they thought proper to mention

(Sing Ho for the steak and the chop!)

Were quite beyond my comprehension.

(Sing Ho for the talking of shop!)

Though they saw I was puzzled, I noticed with
pain

That not one of their jokelets they deigned to ex-
plain.

Catch *me* standing Togger-men breakfast again!

(Sing Ho for the tone of the Togger!)

THE HONOUR-MODS-MAN'S DREAM.

BEFORE his well-thumbed books he sat,
 Books he had often scanned ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in his hand ;
 And there in the mist and shadow of sleep
 He saw another land.

* * * *

And there he spied Euripides
 Working with all his might,
 Who cried, "I hate insipid ease,
 And cannot help but write."

And there was hoary Sophocles,
 Who sobbed, "I'm wretched here ;
 Would I were on the Norfolk leas,
 In Poppyland so dear !"

He also saw old Æschylus
 And other tragic bards,
 Who cried to Minos, "Please kill us,
 We *are* such dismal cards !"

There too was Aristophanes,
 Who yelled with hideous mirth,
 "My quips must very often ease
 Your misery on earth."

There also was Herodotus,
 Who moaned, in anguish kneeling,
 "Just heave one little nod at us
 To show there's no ill-feeling."

Hard by there stood Thucydides,
 Who shrieked, like trumpet's blare,
 "O pity me! *you* sit at ease;
 I don't; I've got no chair."

Then up spake old Polybius,
 "Historians though we be,
 Don't sneer, young man, at fibby us;
 You'd fib for £ s. d."

* * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE.

A haggard youth with glittering eye
 Into our presence sped;
 He placed these verses on our desk,
 A pistol at our head.
 Well, we didn't much want to be bored with his
 lead,
 So our readers we bore with his verses instead.

KEEPSAKES.

["Ice appeared on the Arno last week, and many Florentines who had never seen such a thing before took pieces home with them as keepsakes."—*Evening Paper*.]

'Twas bitter cold ; the classic Arno's breast
 With fragile films of ice was covered o'er ;
 The people scanned with eager interest
 The glittering thing they ne'er had seen before.
 They chipped off bits and carried them away,
 To be mementoes of that famous day.

But laugh not, Reader, at that simple folk
 Who chose for keepsake that which could not last ;
 Nor deem as fitting subjects for your joke
 Mementoes which cannot recall the past.
 Although I know you not—not e'en your name—
 I'd wager that your case is much the same.

Come, have you never found a faded rose
 And wondered, "Who the dickens gave me this?"
 Does not in some forgotten nook repose
 A little glove that oft has felt your kiss?
 Are there no letters blotted with your tears,
 Of which you've ceased to think for years and years?

I'm sure you've something, erstwhile idolized,
Which, years ago, was all in all to you—
Some trifle now unthought-of and unprized—
A programme, or a little knot of blue ;
Or, if you don't possess such things to-day,
It is because you've thrown them all away.

So sneer not at the thoughtless Florentine
Whose treasure straightway must begin to melt ;
His ways are very much like yours and mine,
For we have ceased to feel what once we felt.
His keepsake vanished in one little hour,
Yours still remains—but reft of all its pow'r.

A LOAFER'S LAY.

AVAUNT, Ambition, with thy lures !

Let others toady, cringe, and fawn ;
 Let placemen plot for sinecures
 To dewy eve from early dawn.

But one position I desire,
 One post alone I'd not release ;
 And that's a place before my fire,
 My feet upon my mantelpiece.

Get ye behind me, Cook and Gaze,
 Your tours possess no charm for me ;
 Globe-trotters, gaily go your ways,
 Career through lands beyond the sea ;
 Explore Spitzbergen, Spa, and Spain,
 " Do " Greenland, Griqualand, and Greece ;
 I'll stay at home and still retain
 My feet upon my mantelpiece.

Ye Graces, wield your willow wand ;
 Ye Lohmanns, stir the stately stump ;
 Ye Eightsmen, to the stroke respond,
 And make the oft-disputed bump ;
 Footballers, do your level best ;
 Golfers, let not your efforts cease ;
 But I'll lie here and gently rest
 My feet upon my mantelpiece.

Let's disestablish everything,
Cave in to every idiot's fad,
And let reforms unnumbered bring
Contentment to the ramping Rad.
Let all things cease to run in grooves ;
Let us be governed by Caprice,—
So long as no one ever moves
My feet from off my mantelpiece.

A DREAM.

YESTERNIGHT as I lay sleeping
 A strange vision came a-creeping,
 Softly creeping through my dormant cerebellum ;
 And as with some precision
 I can recollect the vision,
 If any care to hear it—I will tell 'em.

Well, methought I saw a later
 And a greater Alma Mater,
 Into which the creature Man was not admitted ;
 Through each Hall, and through each Quad., too,
 Through the Schools, and through the Bod., too,
 Ladies clad in Bloomer costume lightly flitted.

I saw shoals of shapely shapers
 Of Examination-papers,
 And most of them were systematic ploughers ;
 There were wizened female Platos,
 There were portly female Catos,
 There were several embryonic Schopenhauers.

The Duennas there were donnish,
 And would frequently admonish
 The sweet undergrads who wouldn't go to lecture ;
 Some were pompous, fat and silly,
 Some were fragile as the lily,
 Some seemed ignorant—but that is mere conjecture.

The Proctoress went roaming
 Through the main streets in the gloaming,
 With her lady-bulldogs following behind her ;
 And all naughty little sinners
 Who indulged in little dinners
 Were fined a "thick-un"—just as a reminder.

Of the students, some were rowdy,
 Some were dressy, some were dowdy,
 Some would run up extraordinary battels ;
 Some would play at Golf or Footer,
 Some would bowl the wily shooter,
 Others knew the use of oars, and slides, and rattles.

In fact, what struck me most there
 Was, though ladies ruled the roast there,
 That scarcely any change could be detected ;
 And, reposing on my pillow,
 I said, "It's not *ab illo*
 Quite so much *mutatus* as might be expected."

They had rules they disregarded ;
Regulations they discarded ;
They had gate-bills and a surly female porter :
They had College Eights—and stroked 'em ;
They had cigarettes—and smoked 'em ;
They were always doing things they didn't oughter.

They had tags and tips—and learnt 'em ;
They had bonfires—and they burnt 'em ;
They had caps and gowns—and hardly ever donn'd
In fact—not the remotest ['em ;
Trace of difference I noticed—
Save this—that smoking pipes was quite beyond 'em.

THE BOY ON ONE ROLLER-SKATE.

I COME with whistlings shrill and loud,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the crowd
To bicker down an alley.

The crowded streets I hurry down
With antics like a midge's,
By gas-lit shops, around the town,
And over all the bridges.

I wind about, and in and out,
At people's coat-tails hauling,
That there may be, without a doubt,
No danger of my falling.

And if I slip I hold on well
And so escape a cropper,
And here and there I grasp a "swell,"
And here and there a "copper."

I steal by p'liceman, peer, and page,
I slide by paper-sellers,
I move old gentlemen to rage
And upset their umbrellas.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
I chill men to their marrows ;
I make the swarth Italians prance
Who "boss" the ice-cream barrows.

In Pimlico I'm found, and Bow,
 In Holborn, by the river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over asphalt ways,
 I clatter o'er the pavement,
 And am, so far from getting praise,
 Sworn at for my behaviour.

At all my curves the people fret,
 I turn them green and yellow;
 I make a dead determined set
 At parties old and mellow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow,
 Just like a babbling river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I bump against the gay young blood
 Who "quite regardless" dresses,
 I spatter him with London mud
 That spoils, and spoils, and messes.

And out again I curve and flow,
 Meand'ring like a river;
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

TRIOLETS MATUTINALS.

O CHILLY is the path—
 Most chilly and most drear—
 That lies 'twixt bed and bath !
 O chilly is the path !
 My breakfast's on the hearth,
 But still I'm lying here.
 O chilly is the path—
 Most chilly and most drear !

Beneath the clothes I plunge
 My aching, baking brow—
 I cannot face that sponge !
 Beneath the clothes I plunge,
 And I would fain expunge
 All thoughts of rising now.
 Beneath the clothes I plunge
 My aching, baking brow.

* * * *

I'm giving up all hope
 Of ever quitting bed—
 I pale at thought of soap !
 I'm giving up all hope.

I feel I cannot cope
 With my increasing dread.
 I'm giving up all hope
 Of ever quitting bed.

Why should I drag me out?
 What would it profit me
 To listen to my scout?
 Why should I drag me out?
 I'll lie here just about
 An hour in ecstasy.
 Why should I drag me out?
 What would it profit me?

* * * *

What! Half-past twelve? Great Scott!
 And all my lectures skipped!
 Crumbs! *Shan't* I get it hot?
 What! Half-past twelve? Great Scott!
 I've cut the bally lot!
 How fast the time has slipped!
 What! Half-past twelve? Great Scott!
 And all my lectures skipped!

LINES WRITTEN IN A S.E.R. CARRIAGE.

THE Fog Fiend came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his visage was teeming with terrors untold,
And the tint of his gloom was like that which one sees
In a plateful of soup manufactured from peas.

And the Fiend of the Fog spread his wings greeny-
brown,
And he breathed on the face of the toilers in Town,
And the eyes of the cockneys waxed tingling and sore,
As they coughed one great cough, and then heartily
swore.

And there in the fog lay the South-Eastern train,
The passengers stamping and grumbling in vain ;
And there lay the engine of wondrous horse-pow'r,
That can usually cover a mile in an hour.

And there lay the men who appointments had made,
Their thoughts in their language too plainly displayed ;
Charing Cross is quite empty, the porters alone,
The fog-signals banging, the whistles all blown.

And the men of the suburbs are loud in their wail,
As they fume at the fumes and they rail at the rail ;
And the might of great Watkin, the sage of the age,
Must soon melt like snow in the fire of their rage.

THE PROCTORS' COSTER DUET.

[“Everybody sings Coster Songs now-a-days.”—*Evening Paper.*]

WE'RE a-comin' in a sort of a disguise,
The Undergrad ter capture by surprise,
An' we ain't inclined ter grumble
At a job 'owever 'umble,
For we never minds a hatom what we tries.
Round the town, cap an' gown,
Hanything ter earn a honest brown;
Oh! we does our level best
For ter fill the good old chest,
An' we gets a small commission—round the town.

Yer may come across us halmost hanywhere;
If yer plays a game er billiards we are there:
Circumambulatin' nightly
We ask yer most' perlately
If yer chance to 'ave five bob or so ter spare.
Round the town, cap an' gown,
Hanything ter earn a honest brown;
“Yer name an' yer address,”
Five Shillings an' no less
Is the trifle as we asks for—round the town.

An' when things is goin' badly we're allowed
 In the Schools ter interview a biggish crowd,
 An' without circumlocution
 We extracts a contribution
 Which entitles 'em ter go an' all get ploughed.
 Round the town, cap an' gown,
 Hanything ter earn a honest brown ;
 Oh, the fee we simply states,
 An' yer pops it in the plates,
 An' we cops the shiny cooters—round the town.

'Tain't sittin' in the Schools as disagrees,
 An' oof-bird-catchin' cannot fail ter please ;
 But we looks upon as 'orrid
 That walking back an' forrid,
 Which we 'as ter do when people takes degrees.
 Up an' down, cap an' gown,
 Hanything ter earn a honest brown ;
 But we feels quite melancholy
 When we 'as ter do that folly,
 An' we much prefer the prancin'—round the town.

A BALLADE OF PHILISTINISM.

I MARKED not that the air was green,
 Nor that my Fate was violet,
 I failed to note the amber sheen
 That bathed the purple parapet.
 The fact I very much regret ;
 The times, I fear, I'm far behind :
 I simply noticed it was wet—
 Forgive me ! I am colour-blind.

The saffron that suffused the scene,
 The bistre that my path beset,
 The pale-mauve movements of the Dean,
 I somehow managed to forget.
 My life, maybe, was drab—and yet
 Such thoughts occurred not to my mind ;
 I simply smoked a cigarette—
 Forgive me ! I am colour-blind.

Tawny to-days perchance have been,
 To-morrows may be tinged with jet,
 Whilst yellow yesterdays may mean
 Magenta morrows to be met.

The olive Fates may spread a net
 Before me, gore-incarnadined ;
 But still I smoke and drink and bet—
 Forgive me ! I am colour-blind.

L'ENVOI.

Chromatic penmen, do not fret
 That I am crude and unrefined :
 Wield *ye* the tinted epithet,
 Forgive *me* ! *I* am colour-blind.

A BALLAD OF SUMMER-TERM BURDENS.

THE burden of much rowing. This is sore,
 A striving without hope of upward move;
 A gaunt experience proving more and more
 Of dreary things we would not have it prove.
 A mild monotony, a gruesome groove,
 A weariness, a longing to expire,
 A loathing of the things we used to love:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of hard reading. Midnight oil,
 Moist towels athwart an ever-aching brow,
 Forenoon and afternoon of tedious toil,
 Remorseful ignorance of Why and How.
 Despair of Future, scorn of Past and Now,
 A brain, like sea-marsh, thick with brine and mire;
 The sterile prospect of a piteous plough:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much cricket. Arm and leg
 Aweary of the travail of the game,
 The speechless horror of the dread duck's egg,
 The pair of spectacles that bringeth shame.
 The ill-judged catch that might have furnished fame,
 The short sharp shooter and the yorker dire,
 A crowd's contempt, a carping captain's blame:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of Commem. week. Thou shalt see
 In solid phalanx all thy kith and kin,
 Their souls agog for mirth and revelry,
 Thy soul nigh bursting with its thoughts of sin.
 Pic-nics and meals that swallow up thy tin,
 Visits to Hall, Museum, College, Choir,
 Successive Balls that leave thee limp and thin :
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of down-going. Packing-up,
 The ending of dear things that used to be,
 The soul-obscuring draught from Sorrow's cup,
 A general sense of being "all at sea."
 Now shalt thou take thy Bachelor's degree,
 And get to work,—and work, perchance for hire,—
 Give up what once was all in all to thee :
 This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOI.

'Tis even as the poet Swinburne saith :
 The constant striving at an end must tire,
 And if you win, enjoyment sickeneth :
 This is the end of every man's desire.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

To tell its tale of fond hopes blighted,
Of true love scorned and unrequited,
My poor heart, in its case benighted,
Needeth ;
And so it clothes its tale in *this* dress,
Recording all the grief and distress
Caused by a maid whose name was Mistress
Edith.

Yes, cruel Edith, I will here sing—
Will, though my life is blank and drear, sing
Songs of your auburn locks and piercing
Beaux yeux.

What mortal being could withstand your
Ankle neat and regal grandeur,
Triumphs alike for Nature and your
Hosier?

My heart belonged to her *in toto* ;
I used to madly kiss her photo,
And in her ear breathed whispers *sotto*
Voce.

Fair was my lady as Aurora ;
But, oh ! she seemed to take me for a
Menial slave, a footman, or a
"Coachy" !

Far above flattery or blarney,
 She seemed an Empress or a Ranee,
 As she reclined in *dolce far ni-*
-ente ;

My heart within me raised a pæan
 Whene'er my thoughts waxed Hymenean,
 (I may remark that I was three an'
twenty).

In sonnet and ballade I praised her,
 But she averred my verses crazed her,
 And oft with lofty scorn upraised her
Nose if
 At her dear side too long I tarried ;
 And all my ardent hopes miscarried,
 For now she's been and gone and married
Joseph !

Base Joseph ! Were I tall, be sure, Sir,
 Your triumph would not long endure, Sir ;
 To-morrow should not witness your sur-
-vival ;
 My blood boils when with scornful snigger
 You clasp that soul-entrancing figure—
 Be thankful that you've not a bigger
Rival !

CHICAGO.

["Already it is reported that the city is full of strangers from every part of the globe."—*Morning Paper*.]

THE Ocean's all motion,
 The Sea's in a swirl;
 Terra Firma's all murmur,
 The World's in a whirl.
 Each suburb is hubbub,
 Each city's aglow;
 Atlantic is frantic;
 All rush to our Show!

Appaches in batches
 And Spaniards in shoals,
 And Russians and Prussians,
 And Paddies and Poles,
 And Burmans and Germans,
 And Esquimaux—lots!
 Norwegians in legions,
 And tame Hottentots.

Brazilians in millions,
 And Baboos and Boers;
 Venetians and Cretians,
 Minorcans and Moors;

We have Shakers and Quakers,
 Australians and Japs,
 Parisians and Frisians,
 Livadians and Laps.

Men from Baden and Hawarden,
 From Greenland and Greece,
 From Ava and Java,
 From Naples and Nice ;
 From the Mersey, New Jersey,
 Barbadoes and Berne,
 Piccadilly and Chili,
 New Brunswick and Nairn.

We have Normans and Mormons,
 And Latins and Greeks,
 Mahatmas, Belles Fatmas,
 Panjandrums and Sheiks.
 All nations and stations
 To Yankeeland flow ;
 All races and faces
 Are seen at our Show !

A QUINTET OF ROUNDELS.

I.—REGRETS

In Statu Pupillari! Happy state,
 Marred by no sign of *aliquid amari!*
 Would that I once again were placed by Fate
In Statu Pupillari!

I've reached the sere and staid *nil admirari*;
 For the once dread Proctorial *tête-à-tête*,
 And other trifling drawbacks, now what care I?

Would that some court would issue its mandate,
 Be it *mandamus*, be it *certiorari*,
 And this old bird yet once again locate
In Statu Pupillari!

II.—RIDDLES.

WHY is it that by day, by night,
 Whene'er yon miller we espy,
His headgear is of virgin white?
 Why?

I fail, however hard I try,
To tell why yonder cobbling wight
 Is like a king of lineage high ;

Nor can I answer this aright,
 Why yonder cackling hen hard by
Should cross the road—I'm puzzled quite !
 Why?

III.—TO A NOTORIOUS BISCUIT.

GRIM gingerbread ! that went a-tilt
To strike a statesman's hoary head,
For what a mission wast thou built,
Grim gingerbread !

Not only has the warrior bled,
Not only priceless blood been spilt,
But through thee nasty things are said.

Rads dub thee "Tory" ; and thou wilt
Cause countless libels to be spread ;
Oh ! what can wash away thy guilt,
Grim gingerbread ?

IV.—LORD R. C. 1892. RESOLUTIONS.

Je veux me ranger. Yes, indeed, 'tis true,
 I've done with wild adventures *à l'étranger*;
 If I want lions, I'll hie me to the Zoo;
Je veux me ranger.

Farewell to antics fit but for Boulanger;
 Farewell for aye to deeds of derring-do;
 Farewell to grumblings in the *salle à manger*.

To all my former frolics now adieu;
 To tricks and treks I hereby give their *congé*;
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new;
Je veux me ranger.

V.—TO AN ARAB.

“ALL the winners!” Grim newsboy, desist
 From the spoiling of citizens’ dinners,
 Thrusting forward with grime-engrained fist
 “All the Winners!”

Thou most soul-less of soul-less young sinners!
 Thou most subtle and sly humourist!
 Thou most saucy of juvenile grinners!

Thou knowest full well that thy list
 Will strike chill on the souls of beginners
 Who’ve (like me) backed the losers—and missed
 All the Winners!

ENVOI À LA MODE.

No lofty motive ruled the pen
 That jotted down each idle page,
 Yet, should it prove of use to men
 When against *Ennui* war they wage,
 Or should it be of service when
 Grief's onslaughts they would fain assuage ;

If with it shorter seem *one* day
 That's passed upon a bed of pain ;
 If but *one* soul, to care a prey,
 The slightest solace from it gain ;
 If this result, who then may say
 This booklet has been made in vain ?



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